Continued from First Page. ful freshness of the country, here am I, with merous other poor devils, cooped up in this hot and dusty city. How I wish I were with you in the land of Goshen, by the rolling waters of the Murray, where everything is bright, and green, and unsophisticated the two latter terms are almost identical-instead of which my view is bounded by bricks and mortar, and the muddy waters of the Yarra have to do duty for your noble river. I suppose you still hold the secret which Rosanna Moore intrusted you with-ah! you see I know her name, and why?-simply because, with the natural curiosity of the human race. I have been trying to find out who neurdered Oliver Whyte, and as The Argus very eleverly pointed out Rosanna Moore as likely to be at the bottom of the whole affair. I have been learning her past history. The secret of Whyte's death, and the reason for it, is known to you, but you reiuse, even in the interests of justice, to reveal it-why, I

don't know; but we all have our little faults, and from an amiable, though mistaken, sense of shall I say duty?—you refuse to deliver up the man whose cowardly crime so mearly cost you your life?

"After your departure from Melbourne every one said, 'The hansom cab tragedy is at an end, and the murderer will never be discovered.' I ventured to disagree with the wiscocres who made such a remark, and asked myself. 'Who was this woman who died at Mother Guttersnipe's? Receiving no satisfactory answer from myself, I determined to find out, and took steps accordingly. In the first place, I learned from Roger Moreland. who, if you remember, was a witness against you at the trial, that Whyte and Rosanna Moore had come out to Sidney in the John Elder about a year ago as Mr. and Mrs. Whyte. I need hardly say that they did not Think it needful to go through the formality of marriage, as such a tie might have been found inconvenient on some future occasion. Moreland knew nothing about Rosanna Moore, and advised me to give up the search, as, coming from a city like London, it would be difficult to find any one who knew her there. Notwithstanding this, I telegraphed home to a friend of mine, who is a bit of an amateur detective: 'Find out the name and all about the woman who left England in the John Elder on the 21st day of August, 18-, as the wife of Oliver Whyte,' Mirabile dictu. he found out all about her, and knowing, as you do, what a maelstrom of humanity London is, you must admit my friend was clever. It appears, however, that the task I set him to do was easier than he expected, for the so called Mrs. Whyte was rather a notorious individual m her own way. She was a burleague actress at the Frivolity theatre in London, and, being a very handsome woman, had been photographed innumerable times. Consequently when she very foolishly went with Whyte to choose a berth on board the boat. she was recognized by the clerk in the office as Rosanna Moore, better known as Musette of the Frivolity. Why she ran away with The I cannot tell you. With reference to men anderstanding women, I refer you to Balzac's remark anext the same. Perhaps Musette got weary of St. John's Wood and champagne suppers, and longed for the purcrair of her native land. Ah! you open your eves at this latter statement-you are surprised-no. on second thoughts you are not; because she told you herself that she was a native of Sydney, and had gone home in 1858, after a triumphant career of acting in Melbourne. And hearty tone, as he held out his hand; "I am why did she leave the applauding Melbourne | glad to see you." know this also. She ran away with a rich young squatter, with more money than morals, who happened to be in Melbourne at the time. She seems to have had a weakness for running away. But why she chose Whyte to go with this time puzzles me. He was not rich, not particularly good looking, had no position, and a bad temper. How do I know all these traits of Mr. Whyte's character, morally and socially? Easily enough; my omniscient friend found them all out. Mr. Oliver Whyte was the son of a London

tailer, and his father, being well off, retired into private life, and ultimately went the way of all flesh. His son, finding himself with a capital income and a pretty taste for emisement, cut the shop of his late lamented parent, found out that his family had come over with the Conqueror-Glanville de Whyte helped to sew the Bayeux tapestry, I suppose and graduated at the Frivolity theatre as a masher. In common with the other gilded youth of the day, he worshiped at the gas lit shrine of Musette, and the goddess, pleased with his incense, left her other admirers in the lurch, and ran away with fortimate Mr. Whyte. As far as this goes there is nothing to show why the murder was committed. Men do not perpetrate crimes for the sake of light o' loves like Musette, unless indeed some wretched youth embezzles money to buy his divinity jewelry. The career of Musette in London was simply that of a clever member of the demi-monde, and, as far as I can learn, no one was so much in love with her as to commit a crime for her sake. So far, so good; the motive of the crime must be found in Australia. Whyte had spent nearly all his money in England, and consequently Musette and her lover arrived in Sydney with comparatively little cash. However, with an Epicurean like philosophy they enjoyed themselves on what little they had, and then came to Melbourne, where they stayed at a second rate hotel. Musette, I may tell you, had one special vice, scommon one-drink. She loved champagne, and drank a good deal of it. Consequently, on arriving in Melbourne, and finding that a new generation had arisen which knew not Joseph-I mean Musette-she drowned her sorrow in the flowing bowk and went out after a quarrel with Mr. Whyte to view Melboarne by night-a familiar aspect to her, no dontt. What took her to Little Bourke street I don't know. Perhaps she got lost; perhaps It had been a favorite walk of hers in the old days; at all events she was found dead drunk

in that unsavory locality by Sal Rawlins. I know this is so, because Sal told me so herself. Salacted the part of the good Samaritan; took her to the squalid den she called home, and there Rosanna Moore fell dangercosty ill. Whyte, who had missed her, found out where she was and that she was too ill to be removed. I presume he was rather glad to get rid of such an encumbrance, so went back to his lodgings at St. Kilda, which, judging from the landlady's story, he must have occupied for some time, while Rosanna Moore was drinking herself to death in a quiet hotel. Still he does not break off his connection with the dying woman; but one night is murdered in a hansom cab, and that same night Rosanna Moore dies So, from all appearance, everything is ended; not so, for before dying Rosenna sends for Brian Fitzgerald at his club, and reveals to him a secret which he locks up in his own heart. The writer of this letter has a theory-a fanciful one, if you will that the secret told to Brian Fitzgerald contains the mystery of Oliver Whyte's death Now then, have I not found out a good deal without you, and do you still decline to reveal the rest? I do not say you know who killed Whyte, but I do say you know sufficient to lead to the detection of the murderer. If you tell me, so much the better, both for your own sense of justice and for your peace of mind; if you do not-well, I stall find it out without you. I have taken, and still take, a great interest in this strange case, and I have sworn to bring the murderer to justice; so I make this last appeal to you to tell me what you know. If you refuse, I will go to work to find out all about Rosanna Moore prior to her departure from Australia

derer of Oliver Whyte need expect no mercy at my hands. So think over what I have mid. If I do not hear from you within the ne t week I will regard your decision as final, and pursue the search myself. "I am sure, my dear Fitzgerald, you will find this letter too long, in spite of the interesting story it contains, so I will have pity on you and draw to a close. Remember me to Miss Fretaby and to her father. With kind regards to yourself, I remain, yours DUXCAN CALTON." When Fitzgerald had finished the last of the closely written sheets, he let the letter fall

in 1858, and I am certain sooner or later to dis-

cover the secret which led to Whyte's mur-

der. If there is any strong reason why it

should be kept silent, I, perhaps, will come

round to your view, and let the matter drop;

but if I have to find it out myself, the mur-

from his hands, and, leaning back in his chair, stared into the dawning light outside with a haggard face. He arose after a few moments, and, pouring himself out a glass of brandy, drank it faverishly. Then mechanically lighting a cigar, he stepped out of the door into the fresh beauty of the dawn. There was a soft crimson glow in the east. which announced the approach of the sun, end he could hear the chirping of the awakening birds in the trees. But Brian did not see the marvelous breaking of the dawn, but stood staring at the red light flaring in the east, and thinking of Calton's letter. I can do no more," he said bitterly, leaning his head against the wall of the house.

"There is only one way of stopping Calton, and that is by telling him all. My poor Madge! My poor Madge!"

A soft wind arose, and rustled among the trees, and there appeared great shafts of crimson light in the east; then, with a sudden blaze, the sun peered over the brim of the wide plain. The warm vellow rays touched lightly the comely head of the weary man, and, turning round, he held up his arms to the great luminary, as though he were a fire

"I accept the omen of the dawn," he cried. "for her life and for mine."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT DR. CHINSTON SAID. His resolution taken, Brian did not let the grass grow under his feet, but rode over in the afternoon to tell Madge of his intended

The servant told him she was in the garden, so he went there, and, guided by the sound of merry voices, and the silvery laughter of pretty women, soon found his way to the lawn tennis ground. Madge and her guests were all there, seated under the shade of a great witch elm, and watching, with great interest, a single handed match being played between Rolleston and Paterson, both of whom were capital players. Mr. Frettlby was not present, as he was inside writing letters, and talking with old Mr. Valpy, and Brian gave a sign of relief as he noted his absence. Madge caught sight of him as he came down the garden path, and flew quickly toward him with outstretched hands, as he took his hat off.

"How good of you to come," she said, in a delighted tone, as she took his arm, and they sauntered slowly toward the house. Brian told her of his approaching departure, but

not his reasons for going.
"I got a letter last night," he said, turning his face away from her; "and, as it's about some important business, I must start at

"I don't think it will be long before we follow," answered Madge, thoughtfully. "Papa leaves here at the end of the week."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Madge, petulantly; "he is so restless, and never seems to settle down to anything. He says for the rest of his life he is going to do nothing but wander all over the world."

There suddenly flashed across Fitzgerald's mind a line from Genesis, which seemed singularly applicable to Mr. Frettlby-"A fugitive and a vagabond thou shalt be in the

"Everyone gets these restless fits sooner or later," he said, idly. "In fact," with an uneasy laugh, "I believe I'm in one myself." "That puts me in mind of what I heard Dr. Chinston say yesterday," she said. "This is the age of unrest, as electricity and steam

have turned us all into Bohemians." "Ah! Bohemia is a pleasant place," said Brian absently, unconsciously quoting Thackeray, "but we all lose our way to it late in

"At that rate we won't lose our way to it for some time," she said laughing, as they stepped into the drawing room, so cool and shady, after the heat and glare outside. As they entered Mr. Frettlby arose out of chair near the window, and appeared to

bave been reading, as he held a book in his "What! Fitzgerald," he exclaimed in a

"I let you know I am living, don't I?" replied Brian, his fair face flushing as he reluctantly took the proffered hand. "But the fact is I have come to say good-by for, a few

"Ah! going back to town, I suppose," said Mr. Frettlby, lying back in his chair and playing with his watch chain. "I don't know that you are wise, exchanging the clear air of the country for the dusty atmosphere of Melbourne."

"Yet Madge tells me you are going back," said Brian, idly toying with a vase of flowers

"Depends upon circumstances," replied Midas carelessly. "I may and I may not You go on business, I presume?" "Well, the fact is, Calton"- Here Brian stopped suddenly, and bit his lip with vex-

ation, for he had not intended to mention the lawyer's name. "Yos?" said Mr. Frettlby interrogatively, sitting up quickly, and looking keenly at

"Wants to see me about business," he finished awkwardly. "Connected with the sale of your station, I suppose," said Frettlby, still keeping his eyes

on the young man's face. "Can't have a better man. Calton's an excellent man of busi-"A little too excellent," replied Fitzgerald. ruefully; "he's a man that can't leave well

enough clone." "Apropos of what?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Fitzgerald, hastily, and just then his eyes met those of Frettlby. The two mon looked at one another steadily for a moment, but in that short space of time a single name flashed through their brains; that name was Rosanna Moore. Mr. Frettiby was the first to lower his eyes and break the magnetism.

"Ab, well," he said lightly, as he rose from his chair and held out his hand, "if you are two weeks in town can at St. Kilda, and it's more than likely you will find us there."

Brian shook hands in silence and watched him pick up his hat and move on to the veranda, and then out into the bot saushine. "He knows," he muttered involuntarily.

"Knows what, sir?" said Madge, who came silently behind him, and slipped her arm through his "That you are hungry, and want something to est before you leave us?" "I don't feel hungry," said Erian, as they walked toward the door. "Nonsense," answered Madge, merrily,

who, like Eve, was on hospitable thoughts intent. "I'm not going to have you appear in Melbourne a pale, foud lover, as though I were treating you budly. Come, sir-no," she continued, putting up her hand as he tried to hiss her, "business first, pleasure afterward," and they went into the dining room lacening. Mark Frettlby wandered down to the lawn

tennis ground, thinking of the look he had seen in Brian's eyes. He shivered for a moment in the hot sunshine, as though it had grown suddenly chill. "Some one stepping across my grave," he curinared to himself, with a cymical smile. 'Bah! how superstitions I am, and vet-he knows he knows" "Come on, sir," cried Felix, who had just

caught sight of this, "a racket agaits you." Frettliby woke with a start, and found himself near the lawn tennis ground, and Felix at his elbow, smoking a cigaretta.



Frettiby woke with a start. He roused himself with a great effort and tapped the young man lightly on the

"What?" he said with a forced laugh, "do von really expect me to play lawn tennis on such a day! You are mad." "I am hot, you mean," retorted the im-

perturbable Rolleston, blowing a wreath of "That's a foregone conclusion," said Dr. Chinston, who came up at that moment.

"Such a charming novel," cried Julia, who had just caught the last remark. "What is?" asked Paterson, rather puzzled.

"Howeils' book, 'A Foregone Conclusion,'" said Julia, also looking puzzled. "Weren't you talking about it?" "Im afraid this talk is getting slightly incoherent," said Felix, with a sigh. "We all seem madder than usual today."

Speak for youself," said Chinston, indignantly; "I'm as sane as any man in the "Exactly," retorted the other, coolly, "that's what I say, and you, being a doctor,

in the world is more or less mad." "Where are your facts?" asked Chinston, "My facts are all visible ones," said Felix. gravely pointing to the company. "They're an idea that ended in smoke. Have you was poked forward, and her skinny arms, sold my soul for it—save me—give me my all crooked on some point or another."

There was a chorus of indignant denial at any practical proofs this, and then every one burst out laughing | at the extraordinary way in which Mr. Rol-

leston was arguing. "If you go on like that in the house," said Frettlby, amused, "you will, at all events, have an entertaining parliament."

"Ah! they'll never have an entertaining parliament till they admit ladies," observed Paterson, with a quizzical glance at Julia. "It will be a parliament of love then." retorted the doctor, dryly, "and not mediæval

mark. Frettlby took the doctor's arm and a stage whisper: walked away with him. "I want you to come up to my study, doctor," he said, as they strolled toward the house, "and exam-"Why, don't you feel well?" said Chinston,

as they entered the house. "Not lately," replied Frettlby. "I'm afraid I've got heart disease." The doctor looked sharply at him, and then "Nonsense," he said, cheerfully, "it's a

common delasion with people that they have heart disease, and in nine cases out of ten it's all imagination; unless, indeed," he added, waggishly, "the patient happens to be a voung man." "Ah! I suppose you think I'm safe as far

as that goes," said Frettlby, as they entered the study; "and what did you think of Rosleston's argument about people being mad?" "It was amusing," replied Chinston, taking seat, Frettiby doing the same. "That's all I say can about it, though, mind you, I think there are more mad people at large than the world is aware of."

cessfully concealed it for years? Well, I believe there are many people like that in the world, people whose lives are one long strug- quickly. gle against insanity, and yet who eat, drink, talk and walk with the rest of their fellow men, evidently as gay and light hearted as they are."

"How extraordinary." "Half the murders and suicides are done in temporary fits of insanity," went on Chinston, "and if a person broads over anything, his incipient madness is sure to broak out sooner or later; but, of course, there are cases where a perfectly sane person may commit a murder on the impulse of the moment, but I regard such persons as mad for the time being; but, again, a murder may be planned and executed in the most cold blooded man-

"And in the latter case," said Frettlby, without looking at the doctor, and playing with the paper knife, "do you regard the which I don't think it is, what became of murderer as mad?

"Yes, I do," answered the doctor, bluntly. "He is as mad as a person who kills another because he supposes he has been told by God to do so-only there is method in his madness. For instance, I believe that hansom | you ask Moreland about it?" cab murder, in which you were mixed up"____it, sir! I wasn't mixed up in it," in-

terrupted Frettlby, pale with anger. "Beg pardon," said Chinston, coolly, "a slip of the tongue; I was thinking of Fitzgerald. Well, I believe that crime to have been premeditated, and that the man who committed it was mad. He is, no doubt, at large now, walking about and conducting himself commit another crime.

"How do you know it was premeditated?" asked Frettiby, abruptly. "Any one can see that," answered the other. Whyte was watched on that night, and

when Fitzgerald went away the other was ready to take his place, dressed the same." "That's nothing," retorted Frettlby, locking at his companion sharply. "There are dozens of men in Melbourne who wear evening dress, light coats and soft hats-in fact, I generally wear them myself."

dence," said the doctor, rather disconcerted; "but the use of chloroform puts the question beyond a doubt; people don't usually carry chloroform about with them " "I suppose not," answered the other, and

"Well, that might have been a coinci-

then the matter dropped. Chinston made an examination of Mark Frettlby, and when he had finished his face was very grave, though he laughed at the millioniare's fears. "You're all right," he said, gayly. "Ac-

tion of the heart a little weak, that's allonly," impressively, "avoid excitementavoid excitement. Just as Frettlby was putting on his coat a knock came to the door and Madge entered. "Brian is gone," she began. "Oh, I beg

your pardon, doctor, but is papa, ill?" she asked with sudden fear. "No, child, no," said Frettley, hastily, "I am all right; I thought my heart was affected, but it isn't." "Not a bit of it," answered Chinston, re-

assuring. "All right, only avoid excite-But when Frettiby turned to go to the

floor Madge, who had her eyes fixed on the doctor's face, saw how grave it was. "There is danger?" she said, touching his arm as they paused for a moment at the "No. nof he answered hastily.

"Yes, there is," she persisted. "Tell me the worst it is best for me to know." The doctor looked at her in some doubt for a few moments and then placed his hands on

her shoulder "My dear young lady," he said gravely, "I will tell you what I have not dared to tell vonr father

"What" she asked in a low voice, her face growing pale. "His heart is affected."

"And there is great danger?"

"Yes, great danger. In the event of any sudden shock"— He besitated. "He would probably drop down dead."

"My God!" CHAPTER XXVL

KILSIP HAS A THEORY OF HIS OWN. Mr Calton sat in his office reading a letter he had just received from Fitzgerald, and it seemed to give him great satisfaction, judging from the comparent smile on his face. "I know," wrote Brian, "that now you have taken up the affair, you will not stop until you find everything out, so, as I want the matter to rest as at present, I will anticipate you, and reveal all. You were right in your conjecture that I knew something likely to

lead to the detection of Whyte's murderer, but when I tell you my reasons for keeping such a thing secret, I am sure you will not blame me. Mind you, I do not say that I know who committed the murder; but I have suspicions-very strong suspicions-and 1 wish to God Posanna Moore had died before she told me what she did. However, I will tell you all and leave you to judge as to whether I was justified in concealing what I was told ! will call at your office some time next week, and then you will know everyhing that Rosanna Moore told me, but once that you are possessed of the knowledge you

will pity me." "Most extraordinary," mused Calton, leanng back in his chair, as he laid down the etter. "I wonder if he's going to tell me hat he killed Whyte after all, and that Sal Rawlins perjured herself to save him! No, that's nonsense or she'd have turned up in petter time, and wouldn't have risked his seck up to the last moment. Though I make t a rule never to be surprised at anything, I expect what Brian Fitzgerald tells me will startle me considerably I've never met with such an extraordinary case, and from all appearances the end isn't reached yet. After all," said Mr. Calton, thoughtfully, "truth is

stranger than fiction." Here a knock came to the door, and in answer to an invitation to enter, it opened, and Kilsip glided into the room. "You're not engaged, sir," he said, in a

soft, low voice. "Oh, dear, no," answered Calton, carelessly, for in truth it could be called nothing elsa,

come in, come in." Kilsip closed the door softly, and gliding along in his usual velvet footed manner, sat down in a chair near Calton's, and placing his hat on the ground, looked keenly at the "Well Kilsio," said Calton, with a yawn,

playing with his watch chain, "any good "Well, nothing particularly new," purred the detective, rubbing his hands together.

"Nothing new, and nothing true, and no matter." said Calton, quoting Emerson. "And what have you come to see me about?" "The hansom cab murder," replied the "The devil?" cried Calton, startled out of ought to know that every man and woman his professional dignity. "And have you

found out who did it!" "No!" answered Kilsip, rather dismally; "but I've got an idea." "So had Gorby," retorted Calton, dryly, and beady black eyes, like those of a mouse,

"Not yet."

"That means you are going to get some?" "Well, if possible." "Much virtue in "if," quoted Calton, picking up a pencil and scribbling idly on his blotting paper. "And to whom does your suspicion point?"

"Aha!" said Mr. Kilsip, cautiously. "Don't know hira," answered the other coolly; "family name Humbug, I presume, Bosh! Whom do you suspect?" Kilsip looked around cautiously, as if to While every one was laughing at this re- make sure they were alone, and then said, in

"Roger Moreland!" "That was the young man that gave evidence as to how Whyte got drunk?" Kilsip nodded.

"Well, and how do you connect him with the murder " "Do you remember in the evidence given by the cabmen, Royston and Rankin, they oth swore that the man who was with Whyte on that night wore a diamond ring on the forefinger of the right hand?" "What of that? Nearly every second man

in Melbourne wears a diamond ring." "But not on the forefinger of the hand." "Oh! And Moreland wears a ring in that

"Yes!" "Merely a coincidence. Is that all your "All I can obtain at present." "It's very weak," said Calton, scornfully.

"The weakest proofs may form a chain to hang a man," observed Kilsip, sententiously. "Moreland gave his evidence clearly enough," said Calton, rising and walking up and down. "He met Whyte; they got drunk "Yes; do you remember that horrible story together. Whyte went out of the hotel, and of Dickens', in the 'Pickwick Papers,' about shortly afterward Moreland followed with the man who was mad, and knew it, yet suc- the coat, which was left behind by Whyte, and then somebody snatched it from him." "Ah, did they?" interrupted Kilsip,

"So Moreland says," said Calton, stopping short. "I understand; you think Moreland was not so drunk as he says, and after following Whyte outside, put on his coat, and got into the cab with him." "That is my theory."

"It's ingenious enough," said the barrister; but why should Moreland murder Whytel What motive had he?" "Those papers"-

"Pshawl another idea of Gorby's," said Calton, angrily. "How do you know there were any papers?" The fact is, Calton did not intend Kilsip to know that Whyte really had papers until he

heard what Fitzgerald had to tell him. "And another thing," said Calton, resuming his walk, "if your theory is correct. Whyte's coat! Has Moreland got it?" "No, he has not," answered the detective, decisively.

"You seem very positive about it," said the lawyer, after a moment pause. "Did A reproachful look came into Kilsip's "Not quite so green," he said, forcing

smile. "I thought you'd a better opinion of me than that, Mr. Calton. Ask him?-no." "Then how did you find out?" "The fact is Moreland is employed as herman in the Kangaroo hotel" "A barman!" echoed Calton; "and he came

out here as a centleman of independent foras sanely as you or I, yet the germ of in- tune. Why, hang it, man, that in itself is sanity is there, and sconer or later he will sufficient to prove that he had no motive to murder Whyte. Moreland pretty well lived on Whyte, so what could have induced him to kill his golden goose and become a barman -pshaw! the idea is absurd." "Well you may be right about the mat-

ter," said Kilsip, rather angrily: "and if

Gorby makes mistakes I don't pretend to be

infallible. But at all events when I saw Moreland in the bar he wore a silver ring on the forefinger of his right hand." "Silver isn't a diamond." "No, but it shows that was the finger he was accustomed to wear his ring on. When

I saw that I determined to search his room. managed to do so while he was out and found"___ "A mare's nest? Kilsip nodded. "And so your castle of cards falls to the

'ad any," said the old beldame, vindictively, ground," said Calton, jestingly. "Your idea is absurd. Moreland no more committed till she was tuk from me. If she had gone the murder than I did. Why he was too and got into quod I'd 'ave gone to him, and drunk on that night to do anything." said 'Look at yer darter! 'Ow I've ruined her "Humph-so he says." as von did mine." "Well, men don't calumniate themselves

"It was a lesser danger to avert a greater one," replied Kilsip, coolly. "I am sure that Moreland was not drunk on that night. He only said so to escape awkward questions as to his movements. Depend upon it he knows more than he lets out." "Well, and how did you intend to set

for nothing."

about the matter" "I shall start looking for the coat first." "Ah! you think be has hidden it?" "I'm sure of it. My theory is this: When Moreland got out of the cab at Powlett

who bowed to Kilsip, cast a sharp scrutiniz-"But he didn't," interrupted Calton, ing glance at Calton, and then walked over to the bed. The two girls went back to their "Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, corner, and waited in silence for the end. that be did," said Kilsip, quietly. "I say Mother Guttersuipe had fallen back in the when he left the cab he walked up Powlett bed, with one claw-like hand clutching the street, turned to the left down George street, pillow, as if to protect her beloved gold, and and walked back to town through the Fitzover her face a deadly paleness was spreadroy gardens, then, knowing that the coat ing, which told the practiced eye of the docwas noticeable, he threw it away, or hid it, tor that the end was near He knelt down beside the bed for a moment, holding the

and walked out of the gardens through the "In evening dress more noticeable than

"He wasn't in evening dress," said Kilsip, "No more be was," observed Calton, eagerly, recalling the evidence at the trial "Another blow to your theory. The murderer was in evening dress-the cabman

"Yes; because he had seen Mr. Fitzgerald in evening dress a few minutes before, and thought that he was the same man who got into the cab with Whyte." "Well, what of that?"

"If you remember, the second man had is coat buttoned up. Moreland wore dark ousers-at least, I suppose so-and, with he coat buttoned up, it was easy for the cabman to make the mistake, believing, as he did, that it was Mr. Fitzgerald." "That sounds better," said Calton, thoughtfully. "And what are you going to do?"

"Look for the coat in the Fitzroy gar-"Pshaw! a wild goose chase." "Possibly," said Kilsip, as he arose to go. "And when shall I see you again?" said

"Oh, to-night," said Kilsip, pausing at the door. "I had nearly forgotten, Mother Guttersnipe wants to see you." "Why! What's up?" "She's dying, and wants to tell you some

"Rosanna Moore, by Jove!" said Calton. "She'll tell me something about her. I'll get to the bottom of this yet. All right, I'll be "Very well, sir!" and the detective glided

"I wonder if that old hag knows anything?" said Calton to himself, as he resumed his seat. "She might have overheard some conversation between Whyte and his mistress, and is going to split. Well, I'm afraid when Fitzgerald does confess I will know all about it beforehand."

CHAPTER XXVIL MOTHER GUTTERSKIPE JOINS THE MAJORITY Punctual to his appointment, Kilsip called at Calton's office at S o'clock, in order to guide him through the squalid labyrinths of

the slums, and found the barrister waiting impatiently for him. They went into Little Bourke street, and after going through the narrow and dark lanes, which now seemed quite familiar to Calton, reached Mother Guttersnipe's den, After climbing the rickety stairs, which grouped and creaked beneath their weight, they entered the room, and found Mother Guttersnipe lying on the bed in the corner, and the elfish child with the black hair play-"I'll give you money to save me," she ing cards with a slatternly looking girl at the deal table by the faint light of a tallow candle. They both sprang to their feet as the strangers entered, and the ellish child pushed a broken chair in a sullen manner toward Gold-gold-it rolled all over the bod, over the floor, away into the dark corners, yet no LOTS. Apply to Mr. Calton, while the other girl shuffled into a far corner of the room, and crouched down one touched it, so enchained were they by | Nov. 14 m there like a dog. The noise of their entry awoke the hag from an uneasy slumber into the herrible spectacle of the dying woman which she had fallen, and sitting up in bed, clinging to life. She clutched up some of the shining pieces, and held them up to the three she huddled the clothes round her, and premen as they stood silently beside the bed, but sented such a grewsome spectacle that Calton her hands trembled so that the sovereigns involuntarily recoiled. Her white hair was kept falling from them on the floor, with all unbound, and hung in tangled masses over

her shoulder in snowy profusion. Her face, metallic clinks.

parched and wrinkled, with the hooked nose

bare to the shoulder, were waving about as life," and, with trembling hands, she tried to she grasped at the bedclothes with her claw She was evidently growing very weak, so

want what I've got to tell to get into the

"And what is it?" asked Calton, bending

The old weman took another drink of gin,

and it seemed to put life into her, for she sat

up in the bed and commenced to talk rapidly,

as though she were afraid of dying before

"You've been 'ere afore?" she said, point-

ing one skinny finger at Calton, "and you

wanted to find out all about 'er; but you

didn't, blarst ye. She wouldn't let me tell.

for she was always a proud jade, a flouncin'

round while 'er pore mother was a starvin'."

"Her mother! Are you Rosanna Moore's

mother?" cried Calton, considerably aston-

"May I die if I ain't," croaked the haz.

'Er pore father died of drink, an' I'm a fol-

lerin' 'im to the same place in the same way.

You weren't about town in the old days, or

"The werry girl," answered Mother Gut-

tersnipe. "She were on the stage, she were.

an' my eye, what a swell she were, with all

the coves a-dyin' for 'er, an' she dancin' over

their black 'earts, cuss 'em; but she was

"'EI" yelled the old woman, raising her-

"Who does she mean?" whispered Calton

"Mean!" screamed Mother Guttersnipe,

"Good God!" Calton rose up in his aston-

ishment, and even Kilsip's inscrutable coun-

"Ave, 'e were a swell in them days," pur-

a-philanderin' round my gal, blarst 'im, an'

starve, like a black 'earted villain as 'e were,"

you didn't know my gran'darter Sal"

"Sal, Mark Frettlby's child!"

an' Sal 'er 'alf sister-cuss 'er."

"Bah," retorted the bag, with scorn, "as if

"Yes, an' as pretty a girl as the other, tho'

she 'appened to be born on the wrong side of

the 'edge. Oh, I've seen 'er a-sweepin' along

Exhausted by the efforts she had made,

the old woman sank back in her bed, while

Calton sat in a dazed manner, thinking over

the astounding revelation that had just been

made. That Rosanna Moore should turn out

to be Mark Frettlby's mistress he hardly

wondered at; after all, he was but a man,

and in his young days had been no better and

no worse than the rest of his friends. Ro-

sanna Moore was pretty, and was evidently

one of those women who-rakes at heart-

prefer the untrammeled freedom of being a

mistress to the sedate bondage of a wife. In

questions of morality, so many people live in

glass houses that there are few nowadays

old hag like Mother Guttersnipe It was so

entirely different from what he knew of the

man, that he was inclined to think it was

"Did Mr. Frettlby know Sal was his child?"

"Not 'e," snarled Mother Guttersnipe, in

"'Cause I wanted to break his 'eart, if 'e

"Sal was a-goin' to ell as fast as she could

"You old devil," said Calton, revolted at

the malignity of the scheme. "You have

"None of your preachin," retorted the hag

sullenly: "I ain't been brought up for a saint,

I ain't-an' I wanted to pay 'im out, blarst 'im

-'e paid me well to 'old my tongue about my

darter, an I've got it 'ere." laying her hand

on the pillow. "All gold, good gold-an'

bibition of human depravity, and longed to

be away As he was putting on his hat.

however, the two girls entered with a doctor,

candle to the dying woman's face. She open-

"Who's you! go t'ell," but then sha

eemed to grasp the situation again, and she

started up with a shrill yell, which made the

hearers shudder, it was so weird and eeria.

shrugged his shoulders "Not worth while

doing anything," he said, coolly, "she'll be

The old woman, mumbling over her pil-

wail, that made the two girls in the corner

"My good woman," said the doctor, bend-

She looked at him with her bright, beady

eyes, already somewhat dimmed with the

mists of death, and said, in a barsh, low

"Because you have only a short time to

Mother Guttersnipe sprang up, and seized

"Dvin' dvin'-not not" she wailed, claw-

ing his sleeve. "I ain't fit to die-cuss me;

save me-save me, I don't know where I'd go

The doctor tried to remove ber hands, but

"All mine-all mine," she shricked, loudly.

"Give me my life-gold-money-cuss ye-1

live," said the doctor, gently. "You are dy-

his arm with a scream of terror

she held on with wonderful tenacity.

The hag fell back in her bed

"It is impossible," he said briefly.

ing over the bed, "would you not like to see

shiver and put their fingers in their ears.

low, caught the word, and burst into tears.

"My money?" she yelled, clasping the pil-

ed her eyes, and muttered drowsily:

shan't have it, blarst ya"

dead soon."

-die-ooh!"

a minister!"

whisper-"Why?"

to s'elp me-save me."

Calton arose; he felt quite sick at this ex-

sacrificed an innocent girl for this."

mine, cuss me."

an exultant tone. "'e thought she was dead,

e did, arter Roscanner gave him the go by.

"And why did you not tell him?"

some trick of the old woman's.

in 'er silks an' satins as tho' we were dirt-

question. "Why, Mark Frettlbv!"

tenance displayed some surprise.

"The child! Her name!"

you'd a bin after her, blarst ve."

allays good to me till 'e came."

"After Rosanna?"

"Who came!"

cuss 'im!"

to Kilsip.

noospaper, I don't."

her secret was told.

forward.

Calton turned to Kilsip and told him in a whisper to get a doctor. The detective scribbled a note on some paper, and, giving it to Lizer, ordered her to take it. At this, the other girl rose, and, putting her arm in that of the child's, they left together. "Them two young 'usseys gone?" said Mother Guttersnipe. "Right you are, I don't

force the gold on them. They did not say a word, but stood silently looking at her, while the two girls in the corner clung togetner, and trembled with fear "Don't look at me-don't," cried the hag, falling down again amid the shining gold. "Ye want me to die. Blarst ye-I shan't-I shan't-give me my gold," clawing at the scattered sovereigns. "I'll take it with me— I shan't die—G—G—" whimpering. "I ain't done nothin'-let me live-give me a Bible-

save me, G-cuss it-G-,G-," and she fell back on the bad, a corpse. The faint light of the candle flickered on the shining gold and the dead face, framed in tangled white bair; while the three men, sick at heart, turned away in silence to seek assistance, with that wild cry still ringing in their ears-

"G-save me, G-P" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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self on her arm, her eyes sparkling with vindictive fury. "'E, a-comin' around with di'monds and gold, and a-ruinin' my pore "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy girl; an' how 'e's 'eld 'is bloomin' 'ead up all these years as if he were a saint, cuss 'im-For Home Use.

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low in her skinny arms. "It's all mine, ye The doctor arose from his knees, and

"Dead! dead! my poor Rosanna, with 'er FRUIT STORE, golden 'air, always lovin' 'er pore mother till 'e took 'er away, an' she came back to die Headquarters for all kinds Fruits, Veg-Her voice died away in a long, melancholy

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